

A Fighting Mascot and a Flying Yankee

ALL war books are more or less interesting. Some, though rather dull reading, have valuable information; others read easily but are not always so easily believed. But in *The Fighting Mascot*, a true story of a boy soldier, we get all the fun of the trenches. It is enjoyable reading despite some horrifying examples of German barbarities.

The book is by Thomas Joseph Kehoe, but wasn't really written by him, for, as he says in a foreword, "I could never piece it all together the way it ought to be, and I never was a good hand at writing. So I've found a writing man who knows a thing or two about how to



THOMAS JOSEPH KEHOE
"THE FIGHTING MASCOT"

straighten it all out." The writing man dropped more in the waste basket than Tommy wanted him to, including "some fine songs I wrote for him out of my own head . . . but the story's all here, with the hard words spelled right, and everything clear and sensible, which is more than I could have done myself. The writing man's name is E. L. Bacon, if anybody should wish to know."

Tommy Kehoe is 16, 4 feet 10 inches

and weighs 96 pounds. He was the mascot of the Fifth King's Liverpool Regiment. He enlisted as a bugler and became a fine rifleman. The bandmaster of the "Fighting Fifth" once told him: "If we was fightin' the Germans with chunes weld have ye in the front trenches, me lad, and there'd be a Hun drop dead every time ye gave a toot." Tommy got to the trenches but he carried a gun, not a bugle.

In some respects the story of Tommy gives a convincing picture of what our own boys must be going through now. As for instance: Tommy tells of an American boy named McBride who fought with the Liverpool regiment. McBride was asked if he had ever seen any Indians.

"Sure, lots of 'em. I've fought against 'em when they were trying to raid New York city. We drove 'em back into Jersey, where they got away in the woods."

"What yer givin' us?" growled a British Tommy. "Do yer think I know no more of America than to swallow one like that? There's no Indians within 200 miles of New York."

"You're right," spoke up McBride. "Did I say New York? It was a slip of the tongue. It was Buffalo I meant."

"That's more like it," said the Tommy.

Tommy Kehoe, in the trenches at 16, saw hard fighting and was wounded twice and again, a third time, by a German who clubbed him over the head with the butt of his rifle while Tommy lay wounded in No Man's Land. But all this was nothing alongside the day when he was carried back to Blighty and left the ship (on a stretcher) to be greeted by King George, who shook his hand and asked him his age. Tommy told it and the King said:

"At your age you should never have been there. But, my boy, if all the men of England showed such spirit we should soon win the war."

Readers of all ages will thoroughly enjoy *The Fighting Mascot*.

Aviation remains, and is likely to remain, the most alluring branch of the military services. *The Flying Yankee*, by "Flight," is, as the title implies, the story of a young American who enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. "Flight" had lost his mother and father on the Lusitania; hence his enlistment. After many months of training on this side he was sent to England and then to France. He had many air fights, dropped bombs on Ostend and chased and fought Zeppelins over London. His story makes a wonderfully vivid narrative.

"Flight" says one thing so interesting it must be noted:

"It has not been England's policy to publish the deeds of her aviators, but when the reports are given to the public the nature of the deeds and the large number of boys from the United States who are cited for bravery will surprise the whole world."

At the climax of the story "Flight" is lying wounded in a hospital in England after making a lone stand against four German Gotha planes. "The most welcomed gift of all I received was a box of 100 cigarettes, and to me they were worth their weight in gold. To those fathers and mothers who have boys overseas I say 'Don't forget your lads' smokes.'"

An interesting and exciting story.

THE FIGHTING MASCOT. BY THOMAS JOSEPH KEHOE. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.
THE FLYING YANKEE. BY "FLIGHT." Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

Blue Stars and Gold, addressed to the men and women whose sons are fighting abroad, is by the Rev. William E. Barton, father of Bruce Barton; and thereby hangs this much of a story. Reilly & Britton of Chicago, publishers of the book, conceived the idea of it and asked Bruce Barton to write it. Bruce liked the idea but had his hands too full of work, including Y. M. C. A. work. But he added that the man to write the book was his father, who had taught him all he knew about writing.

Dr. Barton lives in a Chicago suburb, Oak Park. Forthwith—

The really interesting thing comes when you look up Dr. Barton in *Who's Who* and find that he is the author of scores of books of the most various description—*A Hero in Homespun*, *The Story of a Pumpkin Pie*, *The Fine Art of Forgetting*, *I Go a-Fishing*, *The Psalms*, and *Their Story* are a few samples.

Some day some one is going to offer us a mighty interesting book on just such authors as Dr. Barton. *Unearthed in Who's Who or Famous But Unknown*. A good title is absolutely indispensable.

"The Island Mystery"

By GORDON B. MOSS.

KONRAD KARL II. was about as likable and easy going sort of a king as could be found in Europe before the war. Possessing a love for life—particularly in Paris—he abdicated the throne of Megalia after two years, before his subjects determined to assassinate him.

At the outset of G. A. Birmingham's whimsical new novel, *The Island Mystery*, King Konrad Karl languished in a London hotel that kings and American millionaires made their headquarters. He yearned for Paris, with Mme. Corinne Ypsilante, but "alas and damn," he lacked the oof to finance his movements. Therefore when William Peter Donovan, American millionaire and father of Daisy Donovan, a charming miss with a desire to become a queen, offered to purchase the kingdom of Megalia outright for his daughter, the king nearly sold out on the spot. Only terror of the Emperor prevented the consummation of the sale, but a compromise was made, and Donovan became owner of the Island of Salissa. Michael Gorman, M. P., negotiated the transaction.

Konrad Karl and Corinne went at once to Paris; Donovan chartered a steamship and had put aboard everything necessary to make habitable the palace of the late King Otto of Megalia (assassinated) that formed one of the chief attractions of the little island.

Salissa is in the Cyanean Sea. Suffice to say its inhabitants are a gentle, brownish skinned folk, and the island itself is undermined by deep caves, to some of which the sea has access. Let the reader explore it more thoroughly himself. As for the palace, it was "a dream of fairyland." It was built of the white stone of the island. Long windows opened on balconies supported on white pillars which stood in the water. There were little glistening spires which rose

from steep patches of red roof. There were other delectable features of the place, but absolutely no modern improvements.

However, Queen Daisy was perfectly delighted with everything and there certainly was an air of mystery about the entire island. As a matter of fact there was a mystery, and the Queen and Philips, second officer of the chartered steamship, were the first to run across it. They were puzzled, but it was not until later, when Gorman, M. P., visited the island to avoid threatened international complications that it was solved.

When the Emperor heard of the sale of the island he was furious. He forced Konrad Karl to abandon Paris and Mme. Ypsilante and place himself aboard the Megalian navy and sail for Salissa. He must either buy back the island from Donovan or regain the title by marrying Daisy.

With the arrival of Konrad Karl things began to happen. There was a mysterious visit from a German naval vessel and almost a bombardment by the Megalian navy, in the prevention of which the unfurling of the American flag played a part. The mystery became a mystery no longer when one day shortly after the declaration of war a German submarine—

The Island Mystery is a highly entertaining piece of fiction, done in the characteristic manner of the author of *Spanish Gold*. The characters are all interesting, but Konrad Karl, with his passion for contorted English idioms, is particularly charming. Morally he is quite impossible; but a body can like the worst characters in a book without any one else being the wiser. This novel is built on strictly comic opera lines. It would not be surprising before the season is over to see it done in girls and music. If a rattling good book makes the same sort of a show, the production ought to be good for a long run on Broadway.

THE ISLAND MYSTERY. By G. A. BIRMINGHAM. George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

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